her when I am gone, and ſhe is old and cannot helpe her ſelfe, you ſhall haue forty ſir.

Bar. Go to, ſtand aſide.

Feeble By my troth I care not, a man can die but once, we owe God a death, ile nere beare a baſe mind, and't bee my deſtny: ſo, and't be not, ſo, no man's too good to ſerue's prince, and let it go which way it will, he that dies this yeere is quit for the next.

Bar Well ſaid, th'art a good fellow.

Feeble Faith ile beare no baſe mind.

Enter Falſtaffe and the Iuſtices.

Fal. Come ſir, which men ſhall I haue?

Shal. Foure of which you pleaſe.

Bar Sir, a word with you, I haue three pound to free Mouldy and Bulcalfe.

Fal. Go to, well.

Shal. Come ſir Iohn, which foure wil you haue?

Fal. Do you chuſe for me.

Shal. Mary then, Mouldy, Bulcalfe, Feeble, and Sadow.

Fal. Mouldy and Bulcalfe, for you Mouldy ſtay at home, til you are paſt ſeruice: and for your part Bulcalfe, grow til you come vnto it, I will none of you.

Shal. Sir Iohn, ſir Iohn, doe not your ſelfe wrong, they are your likelieſt men, and I would haue you ſerude with the beſt.

Fal. Wil you tel me (maſter Shallow) how to chuſe a man? care I for the limbe, the thewes, the ſtature, bulke and big aſſemblance of a man: giue me the ſpirit M. Shalow: heres Wart, you ſee what a ragged apparance it is, a ſhall charge you, and diſcharge you with the motion of a pewterers hammer, come off and on ſwifter then he that gibbets on the brewers bucket: and this ſame halfe facde fellow Shadow, giue me this man, he preſents no marke to the enemy, the fo-man may with as great aime leuel at the edge of a pen-knife, and for a retraite how ſwiftly wil this Feeble the womans Tailer runne off? O giue mee the ſpare men, and ſpare me the great ones, putte mee a caliuer